ROUND ABOUT SALEM.

Snap Shots Made With the Times Kodak.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU,
DILLARD & PERSINGER BLDG.,
SALEM, VA., Dec 4.

A number of Roanoke College students and their friends, in charge of Prof. W. A. Smith, visited the Roanoke Opera House Thursday night to see MacLean as Othello, and were greatly pleased.

The Salem Tennis Club mot yesterday afternoon and after transacting some routine business adjourned till next

Although the principal streets of Salem were a sheet of water during the heavy rain storm Friday morning, yet so perfect is the drainage that by night they were almost dusty.

Dr. Brown, the "Keely" physician, was a fellow-student with Prof. Crabtree at Roanoke College twenty-one years ago, so that he is not a stranger. County Treasurer Muse reports that no coupons have been tendered him since he has been in office.

A. C. Webster, who has been in the employ of C. B. Strouse & Co. for several months past, left for the South Thursday evening. The "Senator," as Mr. Webster was called by a few friends, did not make many acquaintances whilst here, but those who knew him as intimately as the writer will bear witness that he was every inch a gentleman and a scrupulously honest man in all his dealings.

C. B. Leet & Co. have enclosed their large lumber yard on Roanske avenue with a neat fence.

The Salem Whist Club had a pleasant meeting Thursday night at the residence of Mr. J. C. Deyerle. Judge Griffin will entertain them next week.

The Religious Herald of this week devotes five columns to publishing the sermon on "The Supreme Value of the Local Churches," which Rev. Dr. Tyree, of this place, preached November 10 to the Baptist General Association of Nor

The building of the Chad wick Two The building of the Chaawick 1 wo Wheeler is being fitted with steam pipes throughout. The engine is now in running order, the machinery and shafting is all in place, and all the new belting has just arrived, so that it will not now be long before the factory will he run in operation. Some idea of the be put in operation. Some idea of the size of the building may be obtained when it is stated that on the four stories there is nearly two acres of floor space. Carriage builders from the North pro-nounce it the best arranged building of its kind in the South.

As far as is known Judge Griffin has no opponent for the position of county judge for the ensuing term, and the only reason the Roanoke county bar has not met and passed the customary reso-lutions is that they feel confident he will be re-elected. By his strict im-partiality and intelligent construction of the law whilst on the bench, and his courteous and kindly treatment of all as courteous and kindly treatment of all as a citizen, he is to day one of the most popular and highly respected residents of Salem. Regarding Judge Griffin, the writer parodying the peasant's comment about Lady Canning, would remark: "When the legislature made him a judge it spoiled the best commonwealth's attorney Roanoke county ever had."

To Disband and Reorganize.

In accordance with an order issued recently by Capt. Wilbur S. Pole, of the colonel's staff of the Second Virginia Regiment, Ordinance Sergeant Hess has collected all the guns, bay-onets, belts, cartridge boxes and knap-sacks of the Jeff. Davis rifles, and will hold them until he receives further or-ders. This company, although in num-hers one of the streament in the bers one of the strongest in the State, has not a commissioned officer residing in Salem, and as they apparently will not resign the Governor will revoke the commissions and disband the commissions and disband the commissions and disband the company. The boys will then be given thirty days to reorganize and elect new officers, and they are anxiously awaiting these orders. They say that if they can get the officers they want they will maintain a company as good as any in the Second regiment.

The Rain Didn't Stop Them

If any man had predicted at 9 o'clock yesterday morning that the parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association would be packed full of ladies at 11 o'lock to hear Mrs. Davis, he would have been looked upon. at least, with the suspicion that his case was worthy of a commission of a lunacy. Notwithstanding the fact that the rain was pour-ing, a large number of our bravest ladies ing, a large number of our bravest ladies ventured out in the slop and by 11:30 o'clock the association parlor was full. This can be accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Davis, in her admirable address. Friday evening "captured the town." Her exposition of the work of the King's Daughters and Sons was a revelation to her hearers. The meeting at the rooms of the association yesterday morning was marked with earnestness and enchusiasm. Mrs. Davis gave a wonderful account of the work being carried on in North Carolina by this noble hand of workers. She strongly advocated the organizing of children's circles. Mrs. Davis' visit will doubtless give a great impetus to the work of the organization in this city. city.

Deserving Praise. We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Ar-nica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such univer-sal satisfaction. We do not he sitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory result-do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Christian & Barbee, druggists.

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THE TIMES IN Salem. Apply to
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THE MAXWELL RANCHE.

History of the Only Baron America Ever Had.

Col. Henry Inman Describes the Life of One of the Most Eccentric and Ex-traordinary Men Ever Pro-duced by This Country.

[Special Letter.]

"The Maxwell Ranche," title to which in favor of an alien company was some time ago determined by the supreme court of the United States, has been a fertile theme for newspaper correspondents, but in every instance their articles have been confined to the legal points involved in the great suit. Of the eccentric, improvident and mar-velous man whose name the large, immensely valuable and picturesque tract bears, nothing has been mentioned.

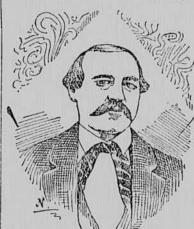
The reason of their silence on the subject is, perhaps, evident; dead years since, Maxwell belonged to a vanished generation—almost as completely extinct as the old tribe of Mandans—the like of which will never be seen again, because there is no longer any "fron-

Since the correspondents of our leading eastern journals, through the medium of that most potent civilizer, the railroad, have freely entered that once terra incognita, New Mexico, they have usually met the modern occupiers of that strange country-the foot" so-called, themselves of that class -and have picked up the apocryphal,

unreal stories current among them.

The vast tract of land, fifty by sixty miles in its rectangular measurement, comprising an area of one million nine hundred and twenty thousand acre far as the right of possession by Max-well is concerned, I shall not discuss here; that question the several courts, during a series of years, have tediously argued in reams of "legal cap," and its rehearsal would be devoid of interest. I state as a fact, merely, that the once primitive herder of sheep-who afterwards owned so many that he had no conception of their number-acquired his monarchical domain publicly known as "Maxwell's Ranche," but in law as "the Beaudien-Miranda Grant," by marriage and legitimate purchase.

The "ranche" is situated in one of the most charming and picturesque portions of the Rocky mountains, and at the time Maxwell came into possession, the whole region was an almost unknown, certainly an unexplored country. Except to the limited number of traders with remote Santa Fe, New Except to the limited number of Mexico was then as much of "a sealed book" as are the hieroglyphies of Uxmal or Palenque to-day; for until Capt. Emory, of the United States topographical engineers, returned from his expedition to discover the sources of the Red river—which was organized immediately after the Mexican war-



our people knew no more about that newly acquired territory than they did of the North Pole.

Emory went as far as the ruins on the Rio Pecos (the Cicuye of Coronado's march), and was the first to sketch the ancient Aztec temple there, with which so many tourists now confound the old Catholic church near its site, the debris of which may be seen from the ear s the overland through the historic valley.

Lucien B. Maxwell was the compeer and comrade of Kit Carson, belonging to that host of prominent "border men" long since dead, famous in the history of the early invasion of the far west, both he and Carson having done more than any other to place Gen. John C. Fremont in the front rank of American

Maxwell when at the zenith of his influence and wealth-a period during the war of the rebellion, when New Mexico was isolated and almost independent of eare or thought by the government at Washington—lived in a sort of bar-barie regal splendor, akin to that of the nobles of England at the time of the Norman conquest. This continued for some years, until he met with reverses and was compelled to sell out, but was still a very wealthy man.

The thousands of cultivable acres

comprised in the many fertile valleys of his immense estate were farmed in a primitive, fendal sort of way by native Mexicans principally, under a system of "peonage" then existing in this territory. These semi-serfs were as much his "thralls" as were "Gurth and Wamba" of "Cedric of Rotherwood," only they were no engraved collars around their necks bearing their names and that of their master as did those menials of the old Saxon. But Maxwell was not a hard governor, his peoreally loved him as he was ever their friend and advisor.

His house was a palace when com-pared with the then prevailing style of architecture in that country and cost in immense sum of money. It was an immense sum of money. It was large, roomy, purely American in its construction, but its usages strictly Mexican—a juste milicu between the customs of the higher and lower castes of those curious people.

Some of its apartments were elaborately furnished, others devoid of everything excepting a table for eard playing and a game's complement of chairs. The principal room, an extended rec-

tangular affair, which might properly have been termed "the baronial hall," was almost destitute of appointments save a few chairs, a couple of tables and an antiquated bureau. There Maxwell received his friends, transacted business with his "vassats" and held high carnival at times.

have slept on its hardwood figor rolled up in my blanket with the "mighty men" of the Ute nation lying "heads and points" all around me close as they could possibly crowd after a day's fatiguing hunt in the mountains. I have sat there in the long winter evenings when the great room was lighted only by the cheerful blaze of the crackling logs roaring up the huge throats of its dual fireplaces built diagonally across opposite corners, watching Maxwell, Kit Carson and half a dozen chiefs silently interchange ideas in the wonderful sign language,



KIT CARSON.

perfect in its symbolism, until the glimmer of Aurora announced the advent of another day. But not a sound had been uttered during the protracted hours save an occasional grunt of satisfaction on the part of the Indians, or when we white men exchanged a sentence.

Frequently Maxwell and Carson would play the game of "seven-up" for hours at a time, seated at one of the tables in that historic room. But Kit was usually the victor,, for he was the greatest expert in that old and popular pastime I have ever met. Maxwell was an inveterate gambler, but not by any means in a professional sense; he indulged in the hazard of the cards simply for the amusement it afforded him in his rough life of ease, and he could very well afford the losses which the pleasure sometimes entailed too. special penchant, however, was betting on a horse race, and his own stud comprised some of the fleetest animals in the territory. Had he lived in England, a nobleman by birth—as he was by nature-he would have ruled the derby and emulated the most reckless and incantious "turf madeap" at Epsom. But, to employ a western slang phrase, more "jobs" were "put up" him by unserupulous jockeys, taking advantage of his confiding and honest nature, than could be recorded in a volume, by which he was outrageously defrauded of immense sums.

He was fond of eards, as I have intimated, both of the purely American game of "poker" and "old sledge," but he rarely played except with personal friends and never without stakes. always exacted the utmost nickel he had won, though the next morning. perhaps, so generous was he, would present or loan his unsuccessful opponent of the night before five hundred or a thousand dollars if he needed it, an immensely greater sum, in all probability, than had been gained in the

The kitchen and dining rooms of his princely establishment were detached from the main residence; there was one of the latter for the male portion of his retinue and guests of that sex, another for the female, as, in accordance with the severe and to us strange Mexican etiquette, men rarely saw a woman about the premises, though there were many. Only the quick rustle of a skirt, a hurried view of a rebosa as its wearer, evanescent as the lightning, flashed for an instant before some window or half open door, told of their presence.

The greater portion of his table-service was solid silver, and at his hospitable board there were rarely any vacant chairs. Covers were laid daily for about thirty persons, for he was always "full of guests," invited or forced upon him in consequence of his proverbial munificence, or by the peculiar location of his "manor-house" in its relations to travel.

It stood upon a magnificently-shaded plateau at the foot of mighty moun-tains, a short distance from a "ford" on the old Santa Fe trail. As there were no bridges over the uncertain streams of the "Great Overland Route" in those days, the ponderous Concord coaches, with their ever full burden of passengers, were frequently "water bound," and Maxwell's the only asylum from the storm and flood, consequently he entertained many.

At all times and in all seasons Max-well's vast assemblage of buildings, houses, stables, mill, store and their surrounding grounds were a constant resort and loafing-place of the Indians. From the superannuated chiefs, who reveled lazily during the sunny hours in the shady pencefulness of the broad porches; the young men of the tribe who gazed with covetous eyes upon the sleek-skinned, blooded colts sporting in the spacious corrals: the squaws, fasribbons and glittering strings of beads on the counters or shelves of the large store, to the half-naked, chubby little papooses around the kitchen doors waiting with expectant months for some delicious morsel of refuse to be thrown to them, all assumed in bearing and manner, a vested right of proprietorship in their agreeable environ-

To this motley group, "always under his feet," as it were, Maxwell was ever passively graeious, although they were fattening in supreme idleness or his prodigal bounty from year to year! His retinue of servants, necessarily

large, were h heterogeneous admixture of Indians, Mexicans and half-breeds. No wonder, then, that extravagance and reckless waste were the "Lares et Penates" of the curious household, whose princely, generous, but improvident master ever floated his banner of welcome "on the outer walls."

The kitchens were presided over by dusky maidens under the tutelage of experienced old crones, and its precincts were sacred to them. The dining rooms during the hours of meals which were served by boys-were as forbidden to the females as the mysteries of the temple of Isis to the rabble in Egypt.

Maxwell was rarely, as far as my observation extended, while he lived on the "ranche," without a large amount of money in his possession. He had no safe, however; his only place of temporary deposit for the accumulated cash was in the bottom drawer of the old bureau in the large room to which I referred when describing that apartment. It always stood against the wall about the center on the south side, and was the most antiquated, common pine concern imaginable. There were only two other drawers in this old-fashioned piece of furniture; but neither of them possessed a lock. The third, or lower, the one that contained the money, did, but it was absolutely worthless, one of the cheapest pattern affording not the slightest security; besides, the drawers above it could be pulled out, exposing the treasure immediately beneath to the cupidity of anyone.

I have frequently seen as much as thirty thousand dollars, gold, silver, greenbacks and government checks-at one time in that novel depository! Occasionally these large sums remained there for several days, yet there was never any extra precaution taken to prevent its abstraction; doors were always open and the room free of access to everyone as usual!

I once suggested to Maxwell the propriety of purchasing a safe for the better security of his money, but he only smiled, while a strange, resolute look tlashed from his dark eyes, as he said: "God help the man who attempted to rob me and I knew him!"

The source of his great wealth was his cattle, sheep and the products of his area of cultivated acres—barley, oats and corn principally - which he dis-posed of to the quartermaster and commissary departments of the army in the then large military district of New Mexico, at high figures. His woolclip must have been enormous, too, but I doubt whether he could have told the number of animals that furnished it or the aggregate of his vast herds of cattle-so numerous were they in both

He also possessed a large and perfect-ly-appointed grist mill, which was a source of immense revenue, for wheat was one of the staple crops of his many

Maxwell was fond of traveling all over the territory, his equipage com-prising everything in the shape of a vehicle, through all their multifarious varieties from the most plainly-constructed buck board to the lumbering, but coach, mounted on "thorough braces" instead of springs, and drawn by four or six horses. He was perfectly reckless in his driving; dashed through streams, over irrigating ditches, stones and stumps like a veritable Jehu, regardless of consequences; but as is usually the fortune of such precipitous horsemen-so far as my observation extends coming to grief was a rare excep-

The hendquarters of the "Ute Agency" were established at "Maxwell's Ranche" in early days and the government detailed a company of cavalry to camp there, more, however, for the prestige presence might have on the 'plain's tribes" who roamed along the old Santa Fe trail east of the Raton range than effect on the Utes, whom Maxwell could always control and who regarded him as a "father."

On the 4th of July, 1867, Maxwell, who owned an antiquated and rusty six-pound field howitzer, suggested to the captain of the troop stationed there the propriety of "celebrating." So the old piece was dragged from its place under a clump of clus, where it had been hidden in the grass and weeds eversince the Mexican war, probably, and brought near the house. The capand brought near the house. The cap-tain and Maxwell acted the role of gumers, the former at the muzzle, the latter at the breech; the discharge was premature, blowing out the captain's eye and his arm off, while Maxwell es caped with a shattered thumb. As soon as the accident occurred a sergeant was dispatched to Fort Union on one of the fastest horses on the "Ranche," the faithful animal falling dead the moment he stopped in front of the surgeon's quarters, having made the journey of fifty-five miles in little more than four hours!

The surgeon left the post immediately, arriving at Maxwell's late that night, but in time to save the officer's life, after which he dressed Maxwell's apparently inconsiderable wound. a few days, however, the thumb grew stubborn and angry-looking; it would not yield to the doctor's careful treatment, so he reluctantly decided that amputation was necessary. After an operation was determined upon I prevailed with Maxwell to come to the fort and remain with me, inviting Kit Carson at the same time, that he might assist in eatering to the amusement of my suffering guest. Maxwell and Carson arrived at my quarters late in the day, after a tedious ride in the big coach; and the surgeon, in order to low a prolonged rest on account of Maxwell's feverish condition, postponed performing the operation until the following evening. The next night as soon as it grew

dark and dinner having been dispo of-we waited for coolness, as the days were excessively hot-the necessary preliminaries were arranged, and when everything was ready, the surgeon com-menced. Maxwell declined the ansesthetic prepared for him, and sitting in a common office chair put out his hand, while Carson and myself stood on opposite sides, each holding an ordinary

kerosene lamp as the offending joint was skillfully separated by the doctor, In a few seconds the operation was concluded, and after the silver wire liga-tures were twisted in their places. I of-fered Maxwell, who had not as yet per mitted a single sigh to escape his lips, a half a tumbierful of whisky, but be-fore I had fairly put it to his mouth he fell over, having fainted dead away, while great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead indicative of the pain he had suffered, as the amputation of the thumb, the surgeon told us then, was as bad as that of a leg! Maxwell was confined to his bed for several days with a high fever; during his intervals of freedom from pain, and while he was convalessing, Carson and I conversed with him, or took turns reading aloud to the old mountaineer. He returned to his "ranche" as soon as the surgeon pronounced him well, and Carson to his home in Taos. I saw the latter but once more, at Maxwell's, but he was en route to visit me at Fort Harker, in Kansas, when he was taken ill at Fort Lyon. Colorado, in 1868, where he died. Car-son was one of nature's noblemen; quiet, polite and true; a man whom you

would be proud to entertain.

I passed a delightful two weeks—it proved my last visit with Maxwell late in the summer of 1867, at the time the excitement over the discovery of gold on his "ranche" had just commenced, and adventurers were beginning to congregate in the hills and gulches from everywhere! The discovery of the pre-cious metal on his estate was the primal cause of his financial embarrassment, resulting in its disposal. It was the ruin also of many other prominent men in New Mexico, who expended their entire fortune in the construction of an from the source of the "Little Canadian" or Red river—to supply the placer diggings in the Moreno valley with water, when the melted snow of "Old Baldy" range had exhausted itself in the late summer. The scheme was a stupendous failure; its ruins may be seen to-day in the deserted valleys—a monument to man's engineering skill, but the wreck of his hopes! For some years previous to the dis-

covery of gold in the mountains and gulches of "Maxwell's Ranche," it was known that copper existed in the region; several shafts had been sunk and tunnels driven in various places, and gold had been found from time to time, but was kept a secret for many months. Its presence was at last unfolded to who were boring into the heart of "Old Baldy" for a copper lead that had cropped out, and was then lost.

Of course, to keep the knowledge of the discovery of gold from the world is

an impossibility; such was the case in this instance, and soon commenced that "squatter-immigration," out of which, after the "ranche" was sold and Maxwell died, grew that litigation which has resulted in favor of the company who purchased from, or through first owners after Maxwell's death.

Maxwell's most important copper-mine was located near the top of "Old Baldy," an immense mass of disrupted granite and other primitive rock, rising thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea—according to early measurements, whether correct, I do not know—whose summit, bare and cold, far above the timber limit, has suggested its name.

I have stood on that denuded, bleak and rough, ancient landmark years ago -in the daylight and in the darkness; the view from the storm-beaten crown of this grand, time-worn sentinel of the range is indescribably sublime Far away to the north, the snow-capped pinnacles of the twin-Spanish peaks glisten and sparkle in the sun, and beyond them the majestic, natural monu-ment to Gen. Pike hangs like a great white cloud high in the heavens. tween these grand efforts of nature when she was in an angry mood, chiliads of ages ago, stretching indefi-nitely into the purple mist to the south and west, rugged spurs of a dozen separate chains throw their conical shadows over the landscape. On the east, the great plains of Colorado and Kansas—originating at the foot hills—treeless, boundless, and apparently as illimitable as the ocean, lose themlves in the deep blue of In the distant northwest, the Arkansas -the Nile of America-in the similitude of a titanic silver serpent, silently commences to twist its way; its sand-beaches and dark eddies drinking up the inflitrated raindrops as the river moves on its noiseless way to the sea -more than two thousand miles by its torturus windings!

Maxwell's generosity was unbounded, but erratic in its manifestion; he de serves a monument for his charities, the half of which will never be known; and no one is more missed than he by the people to whom he was an indulgent

Maxwell was a representative man of the border in its parity of the same elass as his compeers, one of whom I have mentioned—"wild-civilized men," to borrow an expressive term from John Burroughs-of strong local attachments, and overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." To such as he there was an indescribable and uncon-To such as he querable infatuation in a life on the remote plains and in the solitude of the mountains. There was never anything of the desperado in their character; this latter class, which at times have made the far west-since the advent of the railroad-infamous, were bad men originally, hardened to crime by the pitiless law of heredity, as the Styx hardened Achilles! Occasionally such men "turn up" ev-

erywhere, who run their course of "deep damnation" and become a terror to the community; but they are always 'wound up" sooner or later, "die with heir boots on,"-western graveyards their boots on," are full of them!

Society composed of such true and no ble men as Maxwell-a representative type of the old frontier, a saint could live in without fear of insult; but the career of a "bully" would quickly come to an end. HENRY INMAN.

Of Course. "I have a picture in my mind's eye." "Drawn upon your imagination, I suppose?"—Puck.

RAILROADS Na. W NorfolksWestern R.R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 6 1891.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 6 1881.

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

9:25 a. m. for Hadford, Palaski, Bristolt also for Bluedeld, Pocahontas. Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Semplis and New Orleans and to Louisville via Norton.

No connection beyond

6:15 p. m. for Radford, Pullaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford Fullaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford for Bluedeld and Pocahontas. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

7:30 a. m. for Shenandoah; no connection beyond, 12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

11:15 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond.

12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pulman parlor car to Norfolk.

5:50 p. m. for Helmond and Norfolk. Pulman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

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Clinen Valley Division—Leaves Bluefield daily 200 a.m. for Norton, and 2205 p. m. for Norton, and 2205 p. m. for Norton, Louisville and points on L. & N. R. R. via Norton.

North Carolina Division—Leave Pulaski daily 7:00 a.m. for Ivanhoe and 1:20 p. m. for Ivanhoe and Goesan and 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday) for Betty Baker.

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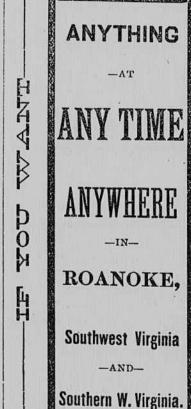
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